

PADDY WHISKEY

K

CHRISTMAS BOX

FOR 1792.

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Ἐπεὶ μα ἐροῦτε το ρόγαδ ἃ μοῖνεαν ἡ  
αἴτονη.

Whisk. Ἐπεὶ το ἐροῦτε το μο.ρὸγαδ ἃ ἐυτο  
αἴ τριόγαδ ὁ.

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DUBLIN.

BERNARD DORNIN.

M.DCC.XCII.



STANDARD BOOKS

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PADDY WHISKEY'S

CHRISTMAS BOX.

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THE P I P E R.

AN ODE, to MELANTIUS.

" **R**UIN seize thee, ruthless —,  
" Confusion on thy essays wait!  
" Which serve to wrap a greasy pie,  
" Or lie on shelves in idle state!  
" Claret red, nor home-brew'd ale,  
" Nor even thy virtues, milkfop, shall avail,  
" To save thy carcase from opprobrious licks,  
" From Irish fists, from Irish sticks!"

Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride  
Of stern Melantius scatter'd wild dismay,  
As down the steep of Cork-hill's rough pav'd  
side,  
He wound with hobbling pace his toilsome way,

Stout—stood aghast in tragic rant,  
To arms! cried Paddy Byrne, and grasp'd his  
oaken plant.

On a bulk whose shatter'd brow  
Frown'd o'er old Liffey's muddy flood,  
Stripp'd of his rags from top to toe,  
Without a shirt the piper stood;  
Ereeling with a drunken glare,  
Belches that taint the infected air;  
While he with falt'ring hand, and drawling tone,  
Fills of his bag-pipe crack'd the drone.  
Hark! how each Whiskey cell and desert shop,  
Sighs to the sound, "We dare not sell one  
"drop?"

O'er thee, O T—, their hundred pots they clink,  
Revenge on thee they breathe who'd tax our  
drink:

Vocal no more, since Mary's vestry day,  
To Paddy Oyster's art, or soft Macdonnel's \* lay.

Cold is poor George's tongue  
That hush'd the stormy rage:  
Brave ——— sleeps upon his dram-stain'd bed,  
Drunkards ye mourn in vain  
Pot-ale, whose magic juice  
Made the huge Countess's face so wond'rous red.

\* Macdonnel, a celebrated Piper.



Dear lost companions of my foaking art,  
 Dear-as the raps that gladden my sad eyes;  
 Dear as the Oneen drops that warm my heart,  
 Ye died amid your country's drunken cries.

Again I'll drink, for now I think,  
 On yonder hill (they cannot stand)  
 I see them fit, they linger yet,  
 And now another pint demand!  
 Fond scribbling fool! think'st thou the shabby  
 puff  
 From thy goose-quill can stop the copious  
 skills?

To-morrow naggins in our craw we'll stuff,  
 While every man his glafs with Whiskey fills.  
 Enough for me, with joy I see,  
 The different dooms our fates assign;  
 Be thine to write quotations trite,  
 To triumph and get drunk be mine,  
 He said, and headlong from the bulk-stall's height,  
 Deep in the miry gutter fell in rueful plight.

PADDY'S

**PADDY'S LAMENTATION for the Loss of  
his dear WHISKEY.**

OUGH, Darby, agra! we shall all be undone,  
If they take Whiskey from us we lose all the fun,  
We shall have no disputes, no, nor quarrels or  
fighting,

Which you know is the pastime we poor folks  
delight in.

Farewell, my dear Whiskey, farewell all my plea-  
sure,

I value you more than the greatest of treasure,  
'Twas you, my dear Whiskey, that took all my  
sense,

And made me forget I had spent all my pence,

I ne'er thought of poverty, children or wife,  
You only indeed were the joy of my life;  
My wife she might scold, she might curse and  
might damn,

But I soon forgot all in a sup of a dram.

But now I have nought left to banish my care,  
I fear I must work to prevent my despair;  
But if my endeavours in working should fail,  
I must try for relief in a cup of good Ale.

The GALLOW'S's Reply to PADDY'S  
Lamentation.

Oh! Paddy, your sorrow is nothing to mine,  
For where I got fifty I scarcely get nine;  
It wou'd do your heart good were you but for to  
see,

All the fine jolly dogs that good Whiskey brought  
me.

But if we lose that I shall soon be pull'd down,  
As they'll find me quite useless in country and  
town;

Or, if once in an age I shall get a poor friend,  
He'll come without *spirit* to make his last end.

Nor will he have courage his friends to impeach,  
Nor strength left sufficient to make his last speech;  
So join in my prayer, that those rascally fellows  
Who'd take away Whiskey may come to the  
gallows.

*From Lord Temple's Trap in  
Green-street, vulgarly called  
the Fall of the Leaf.*

## TO MELANTIUS.

SIR,

**T**HE plan for the education and reformation of the people, which your letter addressed to Mr. Orde so strenuously recommends, is noble, comprehensive, and benevolent in the extreme. You applaud it with the zeal of a virtuous citizen, and have explored the causes which make it so peculiarly necessary, with sagacity and success; you represent them in expressions forcible, spirited, and elegant—and you may have the satisfaction to observe, that you have communicated your own ardour in the public cause to the breast of every man of sense and virtue in the nation.

You saw a great and numerous people, with every advantage of soil, climate, and situation, wretched and poor at home, unknown or despised abroad, excelled in agriculture by a country less fertile than their own, and in manufacture by almost all their neighbours—you perceived that the source of this disgraceful inferiority



ority was a cheap spirituous liquor, whiskey; you expressed yourself with an indignation that does you honour; dulness and false taste do not comprehend the chain and scope of your ideas, and wonder that you write so finely upon whiskey. Whiskey, Sir, has a mean sound; but whilst it checks improvement, diminishes population, destroys industry, and promotes all kinds of vice and immorality, it has too much power to be contemptible: if it be the ruin of a great nation, it derives a kind of hellish dignity from the magnitude of its effects; and as it is an invincible obstacle to the first advances of education amongst the lower classes of the people, it becomes with the most strict propriety the principal difficulty against which the friends of that great object should direct their efforts. A plan for educating a whole people is certainly extensive, but by no means chimerical; the arrangement of it, which you propose, seems highly reasonable; proceed then, Sir, to direct our attention to the first step of it, the suppression of drunkenness amongst the lower people: continue to encourage the well-affected, and to rouse the listlessness of the idle; persuade them not to despair of the completion of the entire plan, and in the mean time to lend their assistance to the separate parts of it. The foundation is now actually laying; but let us not expect, with a childish impatience,

patience, that a system of gradual and successive improvements can be compleated in a day.

THE efforts of the inhabitants of the metropolis are strenuous, and I doubt not will be continued until they are effectual; they are perfectly acquainted with the root of all our misfortunes; they consider whiskey as a sort of plague, and their vestries, their juries, their deputations, crowding to the Castle, with supplications for its suppression, are a just and adequate representation of the Theban people imploring Oedipus to relieve them from a pestilence that destroyed their vigour, thinned their numbers, and threatened their extirpation. It would be happy for Ireland if you could persuade the gentlemen of rank and influence in the country to adopt the zeal of the inhabitants of Dublin: It is strange that they appear but little interested on a subject that so nearly concerns them—every step which their tenants make in industry and virtue is eventually *their* riches and *their* comfort. It cannot be that they are satisfied with living upon the fat of the land, and indifferent to the welfare of their fellow creatures who supply them.

PERHAPS their supineness may be accounted for thus: To take from the people a liquor in which they delight, be it ever so pernicious, is a thankless office; they have not sense enough to be grateful to the person who performs a painful operation

operation on them, although to preserve their health or their lives. The squire finds that this is not the way to be popular, to be called a *great gentleman, an honest good-natured fellow, a generous soul, &c.* an easier method to arrive at these honours is to pull out half a crown, and present it to the admiring peasant, with injunctions to drink plentifully of a liquor that deprives him of the faculties of mind and body, confirms his habit of intemperance, and most probably conducts him to the foot of the gallows. Now, Sir, it is a task worthy of your talents to persuade the higher ranks to renounce their miserable passion for vulgar praise, I will not call it ambition, teach them to adopt noble and worthy objects, instead of those pitiful and pernicious ones that so frequently engage them. Every man of fortune and influence may at present do signal service to his country. You will join me in conjuring them not to obstruct this plan of reformation; if they are too indolent or too interested to promote it, not to decry it as enthusiastic and impracticable, and damp the spirit of those who are better than themselves. The difficulty lies in their own inactivity. To the idle man every thing is impossible.

M A R C I U S.

A New

A New SONG, address'd to the King, Lords,  
and Commons.

*To the Tune of "Our Polly is a sad Slut."*

Oh! Whiskey is a pulling down,

Alas! the more's the pity!

Petition for it every town,

Petition every city!

'Tis Whiskey makes the Chairman stout,

To it the *Polish* yields;

This makes them march the town about,

And prance in Mer'ion fields.

'Tis Whiskey, all our neighbours know,

Has serv'd our armies too;

This makes them cut so fine a show

In Phoenix, at review.

But what I trust will change your notes,

And make your anger sleep,—

Confider, none can feed his votes

With liquor half so cheap.

Oh! Whiskey is a pulling down,

Alas! the more's the pity!

Petition for it every town,

Petition every city.

The



The DELIGHTS of WHISKEY.

COME all real lovers of Whiskey attend,  
Whilst its praises ye hear from a true honest  
friend;  
In politeness my audience surpasses the Greek,  
For you'll find none dispos'd for to stand or to  
speak.

*Derry down, down, high derry down.*

Of Whiskey let no one the power dispute,  
Which like Comus's draught turns a man to a  
brute,  
But sure in this alley its virtues are known,  
Since 'tis meat, drink and cloathing to one half  
the town.

*Derry down, &c.*

Of that people's happiness what must you think,  
When three-halfpence provides them meat, cloath-  
ing and drink?  
And when stretch'd in the kennel they're wet  
to the skin,  
Their washing and lodging are given them in.

*Derry down, &c.*

Of

Of old it was held that the higher you were,  
 The longer your journey to Hell would appear ;  
 O ! Whiskey, thy lovers of mankind are blest,  
 For they die twelve feet higher at least than the  
 rest.

*Derry down, &c.*

Tho' our nobles so oft about place disagree,  
 And each thinks the other beneath him should be,  
 From Whiskey superior the honours that spring,  
 For the man that's dead drunk is as great as a  
 king.

*Derry down, down, high derry down.*

**The CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS to his  
 Friends.**

**ATTEND**, my dear Paddies, to me,  
 Attend, for I'm going to tell ye,  
 That Whiskey can never agree,  
 With any true Irishman's belly.

*Tol lol de.*

For Sawmies 'twill do well enough,  
 To scald their lank guts and their throats ;  
 Then

Then leave them their damnable stuff,  
To drink with their haggis and oats.

*Tol lol de.*

When potatoes and ale was our fare,  
No nation in Europe outshone us ;  
But Whiskey's the thing that I'll swear,  
Brought taxes and *Polish* upon us.

*Tol lol de.*

The day that poor Larry was stretch'd,  
I heard the lads say in a fury,  
'Twas Whiskey that made him be catch'd,  
And was worse than the Judge or the Jury.

*Tol lol de.*

What makes you so lank and so spare ?  
The distiller, I'll lay ten to four ;  
While I live, may Sir Sam be my fare,  
But a Doctor could hardly do more.

*Tol lol de.*

We're all in a damnable case,  
You have all heard the Priest sure declare it ;  
When last he had news from the place,  
That Whiskey is Belzebub's claret.

*Tol lol de.*

When

When tea then his worship would sup,  
 And has drank of this claret his fill;  
 'Tis Whiskey the servant brings up,  
 And the Devil's own tea-pot's a still.

*Tol lol de.*

Then let us this liquor forswear,  
 You all know my dear friends where the Park  
 is,  
 Come along, boys, and when we are there,  
 Drink a health in good ale to the MARQUIS\*.

*Tol lol de.*

\* The Marquis of Buckingham, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

THE primary object of every legislator should be the good morals of the people, for without good morals it is a mockery to make laws, as they will rather appear to be the dictates of spiteful revenge than the mild efforts of clemency and political justice. If the people are not fitted for the restraint of social regulation, Parliament may enact statutes and form criminal codes to extirpate



irpate the vicious part of mankind from society; the halter and the gibbet may be held out as a terror to the abandoned, but crimes will never be less frequent while the laws are made for the punishment of crimes alone. It is only making so many victims to a power which ought to be exerted in reclaiming, and not destroying wretches, whose folly or ignorance have deprived them of the good opinion of their fellow subjects.

In general, all crimes may be traced to small beginnings and certain sources. No man was ever born a villain, nor did the murderer ever lift his bloody hand until the fine impressions of nature were entirely effaced by bad habits, and his ear rendered deaf to the soft whispers of humanity by an intercourse with the vicious. Hence it is plain that the first laws should be made for the prevention of crimes, and the last to punish them. It is contrary to the laws of nature and humanity to take away a man's life for theft, but society is interested in the destruction of a murderer. It is true our laws award different punishments for different crimes, but in various instances without the colour of justice, reason, necessity or policy. Where is the difference between him who picks another's pocket, probably of all he has in the world, and he who steals an horse? Justice says there is none; they are equally culpable in the eyes of God and

B

man,

man, and their crimes equally injurious to society; yet he who steals the horse will be hanged; while the pickpocket will only receive perhaps a whipping, and be turned into society again to practice his art with greater security and additional aggravation.

He is a bad politician who only points out a defect without prescribing a remedy; it is but adding regret to misfortune, and heightening misery with the pangs of ineffectual knowledge. Having said thus much, I shall endeavour to sketch the outline of a material and much wished-for improvement, and leave the work to be finished by the hand of legislative power.

It is well known that the most fruitful source of crimes among the lower orders of society is the frequent and immoderate use of **STRONG LIQUORS**, and those more immediately spring from the innumerable places where spirits are sold, and where morality is set at defiance.—These, under various denominations, as taverns, ale-houses, dram-shops, &c. &c. contribute more towards vitiating the morals of the people than every other means of depravation put together. It is in these receptacles of vice where the poor toiling day-labourer, who earns perhaps no more than five, six or seven shillings a week, spends half of his wretched pittance in riot and debauchery to make himself a beast, and, probably,

an invalid for two or three days! It is here where the tradesman disqualifies himself for his trade, and brings his calling into contempt by neglect! It is here where the hazardous gamester retires from the reproach of his friends, to plunge himself and his relations in misery and guilt! It is here where crowding blackguards, to the disgrace of society, meditate that most cruel and barbarous of all sports, COCKFIGHTING! It is here where thieves frequently associate to divide their spoil! It is here where the unfortunate find a retreat till a familiarity with shame prepares them for guilt! It is here where the insidious robber, over the midnight bowl, renders his conscience callous for the execution of his treacherous purpose! And it is here the murderer often inflames his imagination and strengthens his arm for the perpetration of the bloody deed! These are crimes which wound the feeling heart for the baseness of human nature when rendered infamous by habits of vice; and who will say that taverns are not the most fruitful nurseries of them all?

WHY, then, are they not abolished? Why have they been permitted to grow to such enormity? Within the last half century they have increased five or six fold, and our public executions and every species of crime cognizable at law nearly in the same proportion. The importation

of spirituous liquors has consequently been encreased in the same ratio, to the manifest disadvantage of the State and ruin of individuals ; while, on the other hand, a few have accumulated wealth by the contamination of their fellow-creatures.

THE manufactory of rum, or any other article of luxury from native materials, for exportation, is a certain source of riches to the country where it is produced ; and hence it must be a certain drain to the country that imports it. Thus our trade with the West Indies, for rum and some other articles, is ruinous to the State, although it may be beneficial to individuals. It may be said that we give our manufactures in exchange for rum ; but what does that prove ? Nothing more than this, that they are thrown away, or that our manufacturers are employed to the detriment of all other orders, and to support the Negroes in the West Indies, and their tyrannical masters. A manufactory, however splendidly carried on, or however lucrative it may seem, that brings nothing but luxuries into the State, ought to be abolished by law and justice ; for the original compact which resigns society into the hands of Government does not imply that one or one hundred thousand individuals shall aggrandize themselves to the disadvantage of all the rest ; but such manufactories as command  
certain



certain cash at a foreign market, or procure in exchange substantial commodities that will serve for the carrying on of others, ought to be the only ones that should receive public encouragement. Therefore, as spirituous liquors do not come within this last class, their use and importation ought to be lessened by every possible and reasonable means.

To accomplish this desirable purpose, the first and only certain means is the total abolition of petty taverns. This might be easily and effectually done by raising the price of a license for every vender of spirituous liquors to 100*l*. per annum; and to prevent extortion, and the imposition of strangers, which would otherwise be the consequence of such a revolution, it would be necessary for the grand juries of every county to settle prices quarterly, and each tavern-keeper to have a printed list of them for public inspection stuck up in some conspicuous part of his house.

WERE such a reformation as this to take place, and I cannot see any reasonable objection to prevent it, its good effects would be felt by every individual in the kingdom fifty times superior to those of a free trade. For what would a commerce with the whole world signify without agriculture and arts for its basis? and it is well known

known that our present taverns are enemies to them all.

It would promote peace, good order and industry in society, and those innumerable houses, now dedicated to debauchery, vice and immorality, would in a short time become shops for honest tradesmen. A tavern-keeper would no longer be a despicable profession, nor his house the retreat of vulgar idleness and infamy; numberless vices would cease to disgrace the State, and habits of temperance would soon beget habits of virtue.

It may probably be objected by some paltry politician, that this plan would lessen the revenues. Let the revenues perish ere vice be pampered to maintain the Ministers of Government! On the contrary it would advance them by turning ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND subjects who now live by partly poisoning and debasing two millions of others to mechanical and agricultural employments, and thereby afford a more substantial and more commendable source of revenue to supply the defect.

It may also be objected, that this plan would deprive the kingdom of proper places for the reception of strangers and travellers. But this might be remedied by government fixing suitable inns at the distance of ten miles from every town and from each other along the post roads.

These,

These, under proper regulations, might be given as sinecures to superannuated officers of the Crown, and thereby convert the superfluities of folly and remaining vice into the meed of merit, and contribute towards stopping the increase of the PENSION LIST, that gulf of infamy, that ceaseless and ill-guided drain of national wealth, which flows to enrich numbers of the sons of idleness and shame, whose merits would otherwise have left them to starve.

It is with heart-felt pleasure that I have beheld a detestation of spirituous liquors pervade every rank above the mere vulgar, and I would wish to address a few words to my fellow-citizens upon that subject.

Let us take a view of the consequences of this abominable vice, and we shall discover that there is a combination of the most operative motives for its suppression that ever actuated the breast of man. The artist, the mechanic, the labouring man who exists by industry, it is lamented, are the men most attached to this baneful indulgence; let us suppose one of those classes of people, after the necessary relaxation of the Sunday, instead of returning to the exercise of his labour, and adding by virtuous application to the well-earned fruits of his own industry, abandoning himself to low debauchery and brutal dissipation. We behold him a disgrace

to

to the human form, in senseless stupefaction, and degraded to a vileness of situation which absolutely sinks him below the lowest of the brute creation, or if not quite so far debauched, we find him in a situation equally destructive in its consequences, and by far more dangerous to society. We see his eyes flaming with rage and mad with the fumes of the liquid poison, his mind fit for any species of infamy, for the perpetration of any crime, for murder, robbery or sacrilege, creating frays and quarrels, and destroying the public tranquillity. This scene, horrid as it is, is but one side of the picture, and that the most favourable. We may feel an honest indignation for the debasement of manhood, the sunken and opprobrious situation of our fellow-creatures, and blush for the disgrace nature receives through his vicious depravity. Beholding him a living monument of the wretchedness of human beings, when not governed by virtue and enslaved by vice, we tremble at the ideas excited in our mind. But let us enter the dwelling of the wretched man, and discover whether the prospect at home will appear more agreeable than abroad—alas! if that is our expectation we shall be disappointed; there we shall behold an accumulation of human misery, a wretched family in all the affliction of despondency and famine, a crowd, perhaps, of young children,



children, with their mouths open, clinging round a mother for food! a mother, who can administer nothing to their wants but sighs of anguish and groans of despair. Hence our enquiry will end in saying, that this monstrous vice, the abuse of spirituous liquors, is productive of the most ruinous consequences, and attended with every circumstance of private calamity, and public disgrace and ruin.

But this is in the metropolis. True, but is the situation of the country different? No. And I know of no part of it that does not bear evidence of the melancholy truth. Invited to his destruction by the cheapness of the poison, the Peasant and Cottager purchase their own destruction, and repairing to the hovel of dissipation, where he is invited by the well-known words — "*Licensed to sell Spirituous Liquors,*" forgets his cares by losing his reason! The strong potation of the burning spirit enervates his arm, and deprives him of the little understanding he possesses, while the earth remains uncultivated, and the seasons, which were designed by Providence as instruments to be directed by the hand of man to the attainment of plenty and comfort, pass unheeded and without attention.

THE prodigious injury resulting to the kingdom from these circumstances, in town and country, will appear in its proper magnitude if we

we will but recollect that the industry of these men is the riches of the state, and that it is their labour, and their labour only, which feeds the community, and furnishes them with the various necessaries of life!

LET then the efforts of the people be directed to this great national reformation, let the abolition of spirituous liquors be the first object of their hearts; let them speak to their Parliament and to the Sovereign, and to their Sovereign's representative, and their united efforts must be crowned with success. They will then have done more for their country than all the high achievements of patriotism which blaze with such lustre in modern story, than the obtainment of ocien-  
 nial Parliaments, and independent legislature, and a free trade; they will have laid the foundation of plenty, prosperity and happiness, and have taught the people to enjoy the blessings of their constitution, and to reap the advantage of their unshackled commerce.

In the antient Romans decreed a civic crown to him who saved the life of one fellow-citizen, what honours, what praises are due to those who save the lives of thousands! Such are the Right Honourable and worthy Gentlemen who have lately stood forth to suppress those destroyers of health, corruptors of morals, and incentives to every

every species of violence and depredation—the  
**DRAM SHOPS.**

THE evil effects of an excessive use of spirituous liquors have been long known to every thinking man, have been long lamented by every friend to humanity—but, alas! they have been known and lamented in vain. If the widow and orphans of the man murdered by robbers (who had drank themselves up to a pitch of savage cruelty) cried out, in the bitterness of their hearts, against the Dram-shops which furnish the baneful incentive, they cried in vain—the revenue must be raised. If the person pillaged of property, and cut and maimed by the midnight intoxicated ruffian, complained of his loss, he complained in vain—the revenue must be raised. If the pining wife and famishing children sought for a morsel to satisfy the cravings of hunger, they sought in vain; the necessary penny that would have purchased bread was sunk by the infatuated husband in the Dram Shop, which was suffered to intice him, because—the revenue must be raised. If the physicians declared that drams were slow poison, that they hindered population, or at best only suffered a debilitated puny race to be born, and that they induced nine-tenths of the disorders which fill our hospitals and infirmaries, and hollowed our church-yards with premature graves, the physicians,

cians, alas! declared their sentiments in vain—the revenue must be raised. If the clergy preached against Dram drinking, as the bane of morality, as the infernal Lethean draught, that produced an oblivion of every duty to God, our neighbours, and ourselves, and stilled the calls of humanity, the sense of charity and honesty, and the stings of conscience, and piously endeavoured to add to the fears of a temporal, that of an eternal death, not only the destruction of body but of soul; they, alas! preached in vain; Dram Shops were daily multiplied, for—the revenue must be raised. Thus for a long time past the insatiate maw of revenue swallowed up the health, morals, religion, lives and souls of the common people; and compleatly rendered the bulk of them not only useless but burthensome, and even noxious members of society.

However, at length the film seems to be dropping from the eyes of several members of the Legislature. A number of real patriots have examined accurately into the many evils arising from the multitude of Dram Shops; they have justly stiled them an “insufferable nuisance,” and declared them to be “the source of almost every public evil, and the certain obstruction to every patriotic endeavour for promoting the improvement, the civilization, the industry and general prosperity of the nation.” They have applied



plied to the Chief Governor, who, in his answer, adopts their declaration, and promises his co-operation: hence we may reasonably hope the evil is near its end, and that the wisdom of Parliament will contrive some other source of revenue than from the drunkenness, debauchery and destruction of mankind.

### WICKLOW ALE, in the NEW OPERA,

*To the Tune of "Push about the Jorum."*

O! Wicklow ale!  
So brisk and pale,  
Thou art, thou art my darling;  
From thee, my heart,  
I'll never part,  
Tho' parsons still be snarling.

The Devil's snare  
Distillers are,  
Let whiskey burst the Quorum,  
While ale delights  
And still invites  
To push about the jorum.

*O! Wicklow ale, &c.*

*More*

*More* WICKLOW ALE!

WHAT makes Britain's arms prevail?

Sprightly beer and potent ale.

Why do Monfieurs always fail?

Alas! they drink no beer or ale.

Our courage never can avail,

'Till 'tis aided by stout ale.

When 'tis neither weak nor stale,

What wine can equal *Wicklow Ale*?

'Tis a tof-up of head or tail,

'Twixt Burgundy and Wicklow Ale!

Ladies hate the weak and pale,

Not so the man who drinks good ale.

Stout and ruddy, strong and hale,

You'll sure succeed on Wicklow Ale.

Nectar's but a poet's tale;

The drink of Jove was sparkling ale.

Dram-drinkers loiter like a snail,

He only lives, who lives on ale.

Whiskey makes us fight and rail,

Good-humour flows from nut-brown ale.

In song shall Whitebread live and Thrall,

While porter shall have charms or ale.

They down the streams of time shall fall,

(Hop-poles for oars) on seas of ale.

## EPISTLE TO MELANTIUS.

'TIS said you mean to leave the smoky town :  
 What ! drop the Whiskey business ere 'tis done?  
 Say, if from songs and essays you desist,  
 Who can the insatiate love of drink resist?  
 Dram-tippers then will swill before they're dry,  
 And crowded brandy-shops offend the eye;  
 Old hags will vend hot liquors in the street,  
 And Irishmen forget to use their feet.  
 Will not indignant rage inflame thy breast,  
 To think that beggars dare this town infect?  
 To hear that peasants nightly vigils keep,  
 Will haunt your restless dreams, or banish sleep.  
 The horrors of the Donnybrogian fair,  
 In Holland you will hear, or seem to hear.  
 Dread Donnybrook ! where clowns, of liquor full,  
 Pant for the glory of a broken skull.  
 E'en now methinks their sticks and cans they  
 rattle,

And, reeling to and fro, prepare for battle.  
 Hark ! the hoarse leader cries, " fall on my boys,  
 And they engage with such a hideous noise,  
 That Lefau himself, if he were by,  
 Would strive in vain to close his sleepy eyes :

Old

Old Lefanu, whom, if a nap he take,  
 Stentorial Fotteral could ne'er awake.  
 About, around, promiscuous blows they scatter—  
 Who, but MELANTIUS, can allay the clatter?  
 And will he then refuse to stay and write?  
 Must I be silent too, and see them fight?—  
 Ah! go not thus, lest they our efforts foil;  
 And all our circumvented measures spoil!  
 For me to keep them quiet—hopeless task!  
 For Kirwan's tongue they'd not resign the flask.  
 Behold! cash-scraping Paddy Byrne is pos'd,  
 And knows not how the tumult may be clos'd;  
 But tries some hungry author to engage,  
 (Like stern MELANTIUS) to reform the age;  
 For from the daily talk he takes the hint,  
 An essay new, at double price to print;  
 And wonders, "passing strange," unblushing tells,  
 And half a six-pence worth, for twelve-pence  
 sells.  
 In vain for Glasgow's useless types he sends,  
 Or, to support the cause, solicits friends;  
 For neither by his friends, nor Glasgow's type,  
 Can he, without MELANTIUS, money gripe.  
 Abridging P——, 'tis true, may scrawl,  
 Or H—— scribble, or tall H—— bawl:  
 But fruitless labour racks their aching brain,  
 The cause is lost, if thou wilt not remain.  
 Sooner shall Cloyne the legal tythe resign,  
 Or Leary turn a Protestant divine;



Or rugged H—— like classic Jephson write,  
 Detest the coach-box, or become polite ;  
 Or thrifty ——, his alter'd hand extend,  
 A golden guinea, wond'rous feat, to lend !  
 Or promenading, flatt'ring F—— hope,  
 That he, mean adulator, rivals Pope ;  
 Or pleasure-loving Hughes in rags be seen,  
 To lead a vagrant troop at starv'd Clogheen ;  
 Than those accustom'd Whiskey strong to sup,  
 Resign their morning, or their evening cup.  
 Lo ! in her chaise, the tipsy Countess lies,  
 Victorious, " we have gain'd the cause," she cries,  
 " MELANTIUS is retreating—call the mob,  
 " Give every man a squib to warm his gob."  
 Long live the Countess !—Hark ! the health goes  
 round,  
 Long live the Countess ! Mer'ion's shores resound !  
 O you, who in mild beverage take delight,  
 Let not your partizans be put to flight,  
 Relent, O friend to temperance, who can dine,  
 On a small joint, and half a pint of wine,  
 So shall stout health, and nutbrown ale be thine ;  
 So shall humanity find friends at court,  
 And Westmorland thy useful plans support.

**D**RUNKENNESS among our labouring poor, as at present tolerated, involves that class of the people in certain misery and ruin, and proves exceedingly injurious to their employers, often reducing them and their families to extreme poverty and wretchedness; and when it does not, these are generally prevented by the lamentable necessity they are driven to, of dealing in the produce of other countries in preference to that of their own. It is manifest that it renders the incomes of all in every class much less than they otherwise would be, and makes them very precarious and insecure, and increases the prices of all articles to be purchased with them, even to the very necessaries of life; and ultimately, it must prove ruinous to the community at large, by its lessening industry, and occasioning many to be transgressors of the laws, and consequently to forfeit

forfeit their lives, making them offenders, and for being such causing their deaths, and by its intercepting the bounty of the supreme Lord of the Universe, by preventing millions from even receiving existence; producing all the dire effects of rapine, desolation and murder.

Time was when the populace of England were as guilty and as miserable as ours. They now are, and for several years have been, a sober, industrious, flourishing people. Earnestly I implore you to observe, that their happy reformation originated, under God, with private individuals, who *cared* for and were wisely and perseveringly zealous for their country's real welfare; who lamented its deplorable situation, occasioned by the Drunkenness of their poor, and legally assembled; consulted and petitioned the legislature. Their petition was received by that august assembly with the respect it manifestly deserved. — No mean unjustifiable selfishness; — no rapacious prodigality; — no dishonest, needy pride; — no shameless, slave-like prostitution intercepted from its members; nor calloused their feelings against these most important truths, — That *encouraging that particular branch of taxation which was supplied by the consumption of Spirituous liquors, to the ruin of Industry, Morals and Religion, however it might increase the sum raised by that particular Tax,*

*rendered all other modes of taxation considerably less productive, by striking at their very root, and was therefore an illiberal, weak, and wicked policy, which indeed might indulge the pride, ambition and relentless avidity of some individuals; who would therefore fabricate every possible argument, use every pretence, and strain every nerve to continue and promote it, but would, to demonstration, if continued, work the ruin of millions.* The legislature of England, uninfluenced by illiberal party views, in true wisdom and humanity enacted such laws as produced a most salutary reformation, which a course of several years has most fully proved.

Is there any thing peculiar to the nature of the Irish, that it is hopeless to make an attempt to rescue them from guilt and ruin? Are we indeed so void of that christian benevolence, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before God, that we have no bowels of compassion for the many who are in the most imminent danger of “being devoured as stubble fully dry? Have the workers of iniquity no knowledge, who eat up this people as they eat bread?” I trust in God that all feel an ardent zeal for the welfare of this country. Assuredly, if there is any wretch so base as to wish to sacrifice the true interests of either country to his  
OWN



own little party, or his private emolument, he is in the sight of God and man a traitor to both. You cannot but be conscious that you are bound in the strongest manner, by every principle that should actuate a man and a christian, by your duty to your God, by your duty to your fellow-creatures, by your duty to yourselves, to endeavour legally and constitutionally all you possibly can to accomplish the so much to be wished for reformation of our people from drunkenness. I suggest to you no imaginary ideal project, but to do what has been done in England, and has been attended with success. The people of that kingdom have manifested that they were not deficient in public spirit; neither, I trust in my God, are you. Surely we may hope that our Legislature, constituted as they are for the very purpose of promoting the true interests of this country, would most gladly receive a petition from you legally assembled, and enact such laws as would produce the desired effect. In the name of God then, let me implore you not to be deficient in your duty, for your duty most certainly it is to come forward and exert yourselves upon this urgent occasion. Were you all present where fire had seized combustible matter in the lowest floor of some dwelling-house, and threatened to devour it and send speedy

ruin

ruin to those on the upper floors, who in luxury  
 and ease reposed in a false security, and to spread  
 desolation far and wide, which should extend to  
 your own possessions and even to yourselves, per-  
 mit me to ask would you pass by on the other  
 side, each observing that it was no business of  
 his to stir in the matter, and that whoever would  
 might be fool-hardy enough to risk himself in  
 his forwardness to save? Would you raise no  
 alarm? or if raised, would you spread none? or  
 if spread, would you not assist? Can there be a  
 person in any *Christian* congregation, who, in  
 such a case, would one moment hesitate to exert  
 himself, to cry aloud for help, and to hasten to  
 interest all he possibly could, and to endeavour  
 to his utmost to extinguish the flame? And if  
 there does indeed exist any one so utterly void  
 of all humanity, so devoted to, so wrapt up in  
 a little narrow selfishness, so really blind to his  
 own interest and preservation, is it not clearly  
 manifest that he must be responsible to the Al-  
 mighty Judge of the universe for all the great and  
 numberless evils which by a timely and spirited  
 exertion he might have prevented? And, blessed  
 God! can this people, oppressed as they are by  
 the grievous and almost numberless calamities  
 arising from the general and excessive use of spi-  
 rituous liquors among the lower ranks, continue  
 in a state of lethargic insensibility? or if they do  
 feel

feel them, as every one who has any sensibility must, can they remain inactive under the idea of being responsible at thy awful tribunal? as be assured, my brethren, every one of you must be for the temporal and eternal destruction of millions effected by drunkenness, who continues deficient in exertions to the extent of his influence.

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## H U D I B R A S T I C S.

### C A N T O I.

#### A R G U M E N T.

- “ MELANTIUS—his passing worth ;
- “ The manner how he fallied forth.
- “ The adventure of the fair and fiddle
- “ Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.”

WHEN Ireland groan'd with French police,  
And lottery-mongers cits did fleece ;  
When drams, dispelling irksome cares,  
Set men together by the ears,

And

And make them fight, like mad or drunk,  
 For pastime, or some nasty punk ;  
 When Parkinson, enthusiastic,  
 Abridg'd Mosheim, ecclesiastic ;  
 Then did our knight abandon dwelling,  
 And fally forth a Whiskey-quelling.

A wight he was, whom I'll describe,  
 Without receipt of fee or bribe ;  
 Steering a necessary mean  
 The daily libellers between,  
 And him who forges panegyrics,  
 Plast'ring the Dublin belles in erics,  
 Ranfacking names from Took's Pantheon,  
 Daub'd coats of flatt'ry thick to lay on.

A wight he was, resolv'd to spill  
 The dire contents of every still ;  
 Who could indite a SERMO MERUS,  
 As well as MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS ;  
 Hoping to effect a reformation,  
 By schemes of modern education ;  
 Brought up at the Etonian school,  
 He'd conjugate and parse by rule ;  
 And learn'd at a Cambrigian college,  
 Verses and other classic knowledge.

In acting also a great critic,  
 He could, by science analytic,  
 Teach the stage-player any part,  
 To laugh, to weep, to grin, to start.



Of Shakespeare too a commentator,  
 (None to confuse the text compleater)  
 He'd sometimes own he had ambition  
 To indulge men with a new edition;  
 For he could the original gloss over,  
 Like a theatrical philosopher,  
 Correcting errors of the press,  
 By ingenuity—or guess,  
 To tell the truth, his liberal mind  
 Aimed chiefly to assist mankind;  
 And, with a noble, honest rage,  
 He 'gainst strong liquors war did wage;  
 Because the nation had decay'd,  
 Since selling drams became a trade:  
 And fit he was the poor to stop  
 From getting of strong drams a drop,  
 For he the size of pots of ale  
 Could take by geometric scale;  
 Nor could his mouth in converse ope,  
 But out there flew some tragic trope,  
 Which he as volubly would vent,  
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent,  
 So that e'en Pit-street Peg so frisky,  
 Would for his writing give up whiskey,

A squire he had whose name was —,  
 That in the adventure took his turn;  
 Tho' writers, for more stately tone,  
 Do call him Patrick;—'tis all one:  
 And

And when we can with metre ready,  
 We'll call him so—if not, plain Paddy.  
 (For rhyme the rudder is of verses,  
 With which, like ships, they steer their courses.)  
 An equal stock of wit and valour  
 He had, for he was a bookseller;  
 A deep occult philosopher,  
 As learned as wild Irish are.  
 His knowledge was somewhat behind  
 The knight's, and of another kind:  
 For it had never cost him pains,  
 Of study, industry or brains.  
 His wit was plain and natural—  
 If he had any wit at all.

Thus was the accomplish'd squire endu'd,  
 With gifts and knowledge per'lous firew'd.  
 Never did trusty squire with knight,  
 Or knight with squire e'er jump more right,  
 Than they, to Donnybrook repairing,  
 To stop the drinking at the fairing.  
 But ere I venture to unfold  
 Atchievements so resolv'd and bold,  
 I should, as learn'd poets use,  
 Invoke the assistance of some muse.

O Dulness! guide my goose's quill,  
 Thou frothy ballads can'st instil  
 Into the Meath-street garretteer,  
 Who lives each day on meagre cheer,

And

And keeps involuntary lent,  
 On ditties popular intent.  
 Thou can'st inspire an humble jig,  
 Or soaring sing, "the Rutland gig;"  
 Propitious then, hear my request,  
 And some sublimer strains suggest.  
 You still on Gorges Howard smil'd,  
 When he compos'd, or when compil'd:  
 For oft he'd flounder on in rhyme,  
 And the fair paper's white begrime.  
 Tho' some will say that his thick skull  
 Was most impenetrably dull;  
 Yet Shakespeare never made the same stir,  
 As he about his female gamester,  
 And other works, which none have read,  
 For to the pastry-cooks they're sped.  
 Poetic Smith thought nothing crueller,  
 Than that he e'er was bred a jeweller,  
 When his bright talents, left to rust,  
 Were into goldsmith's work-shop thrust.  
 He, with sufficient self-conceit,  
 To you his verses would repeat;  
 For so he call'd the rhiming prose,  
 That with the razor at his nose,  
 Tho' of good sense he had no grain,  
 He'd manufacture in his brain;  
 Howe'er his writing rage was cheaper,  
 Because he us'd but little paper.

You

You also taught fops dully gay,  
 Soft things in verses harsh to say;  
 To tell the fair that they adore,  
 "They love her each day more and more."  
 But chief I'm told you patronize  
 The glozing author's enterprize,  
 Who penn'd the courtly promenade,  
 The Irish ladies to applaud,  
 And old or ugly, short or tall,  
 Did every damsel handsome call,  
 Unlike the great immortal Twiss,  
 On whom Hibernian ladies ———,  
 Who, in a stupid poring book,  
 Describing the post-roads he took,  
 Exclaim'd against the peasant's sloth,  
 And blam'd potatoes laid on cloth;  
 Inveigh'd against our breakfast eggs,  
 And swore the ladies had thick legs;  
 But now, his face in *jordan* sees,  
 Their legs are taper to the knees.  
 Thou, Dulness! often wilt abide  
 With statesmen, and their measures guide,  
 And tho' they'd drive thee far away,  
 Most constant with you friends you stay,  
 For surely num'rous friends you have,  
 Tho' they uncivilly behave,  
 And will not own you in the street,  
 But pass you by, whene'er you meet:

Yet



Yet I with lords have seen you sit,  
 Lords with great wealth and little wit;  
 I've heard you, in the courts of law,  
 With jargon tiresome plead a flaw;  
 I know your tedious endless prate,  
 In parliamentary debate.  
 Now, Dulness! I beseech thee spare,  
 And, as you oft attend me, hear,  
 And shun me, as you shun the bard,  
 Whom genius and the muses guard;  
 When, Shakespeare-like, his mind inspir'd  
 To rapt'rous poetry, is fir'd;  
 When he the magic pencil holds,  
 And varying passions' tints unfolds,  
 His plays shall live upon the stage,  
 T' instruct and please the future age,  
 Tho' you with jealous envy swell,  
 And wonder that he wrote so well.  
 See Juan's spouse, with dauntless mind,  
 Her bleeding country's chains unbind;  
 Her eloquence each bosom warms,  
 All pant for liberty and arms.  
 See! false Bireno's crafty wiles,  
 The spotless princess' fame defiles;  
 'Till conqu'ring Paladore return,  
 The wrongs of innocence we mourn.  
 What steeld breast without a tear,  
 The fate of Adelaide can hear,

When

When Narbonne stern with passion wild  
 Becomes the murderer of his child.  
 Blood-stain'd Mentevole's fond love  
 Can horror mixed with pity move.  
 O Dulness! as from him you fly,  
 Let my entreaties mollify—  
 Approach not, like numbing torpors,  
 That something wistly I may do,  
 And, with a bold advent'rous wing  
 Far, far remov'd from thee may sing.  
 MELANTIS and his trusty squire,  
 Whose deeds my Pegasus inspire.

# A NEW SONG

THO' of Whiskey the praise I am going to sing,  
 No muse I'll invoke her assistance to bring;  
 For should I do so I should much be to blame,  
 As I need no one's help while dear Whiskey's my  
 theme.

*Derry down, &c.*

The Gods in Olympus, by poets we're told,  
 With a liquor call'd nectar got boozey of old;

But

But poets you know are for lying renown'd,  
For 'twas Whiskey not Nectar their banquets  
that crown'd.

*Derry down, &c.*

For men 'twas too good the Gods seeming to think  
For themselves kept each drop of this exquisite  
drink.

But St. Patrick prevail'd, when to Heav'n he went,  
And Jove's leave to import it to Dublin was sent.

*Derry down, &c.*

Monfieur for his brandy, Mynheer for his gin,  
It can't be deny'd but long famous have been ;  
But their gin and their brandy tho' ever so rare,  
With right honest Whiskey can never compare.

*Derry down, &c.*

Let the bugs of old England continue their boast,  
And sing of their beer, pudding, boil'd beef and  
roast,  
St. Patrick provides for his sons better cheer,  
Whilst potatoes their meat is, and Whiskey their  
beer.

*Derry down, &c.*

Now

Now ye good fellows all who in dear Whiskey's  
praise,

Wou'd be glad to get drunk ev'ry night, all your  
days,

To the top fill each glass, with one voice let us sing,  
To the health of St. Patrick, and God save the  
King.

*Derry down, &c.*

Monks for his brandy, Mynd for his gin,  
It can't be deny'd but long famous have been;  
But their gin and their brandy too, ever so late,  
With right honest Whiskey can never compare.

Let the bugs of old England continue their host,  
And sing of their beer, building, building best and  
F I N I S.

St. Patrick provide for his honest  
With honest Whiskey their health is, and Whiskey their  
beer.

*Derry down, &c.*



